

SKURT COBAIN

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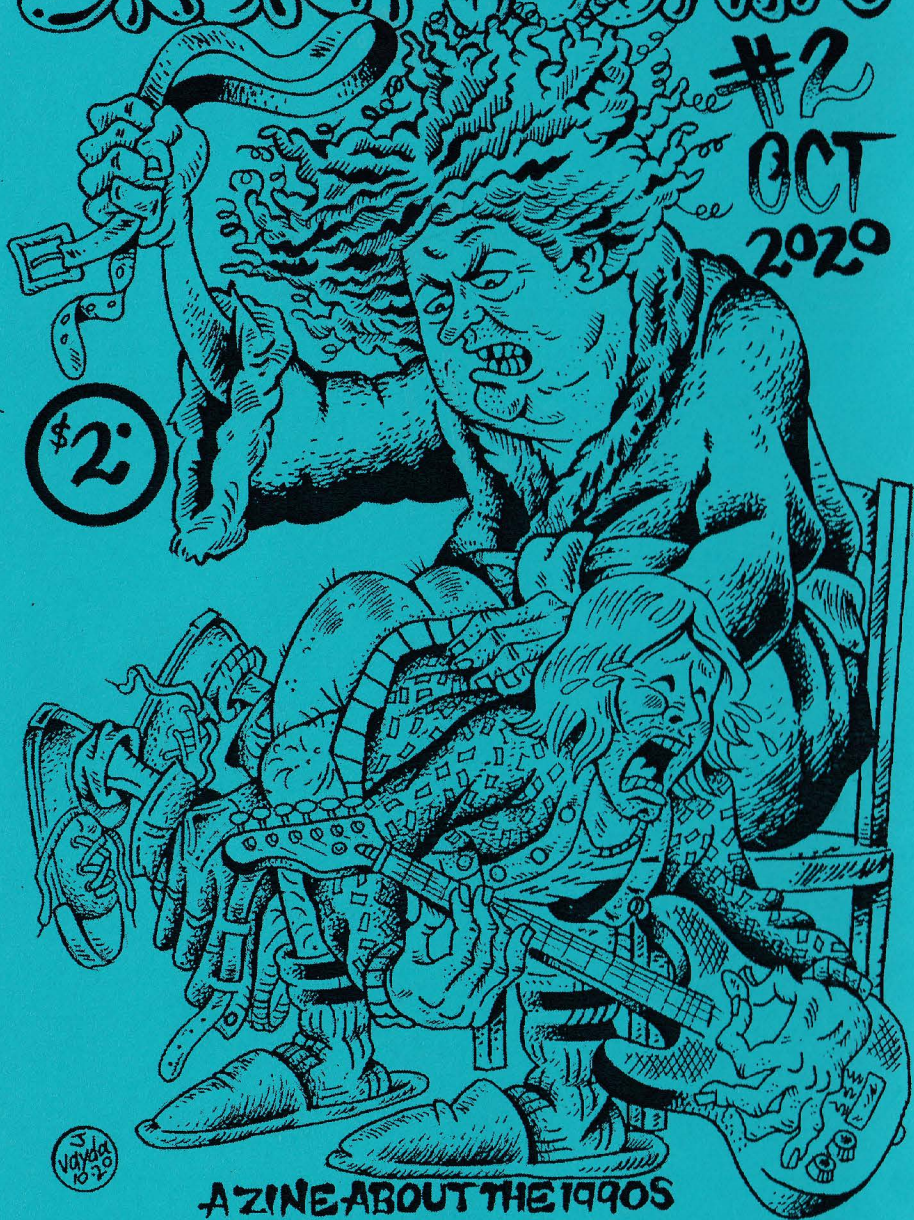
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A ZINE ABOUT THE 1990S





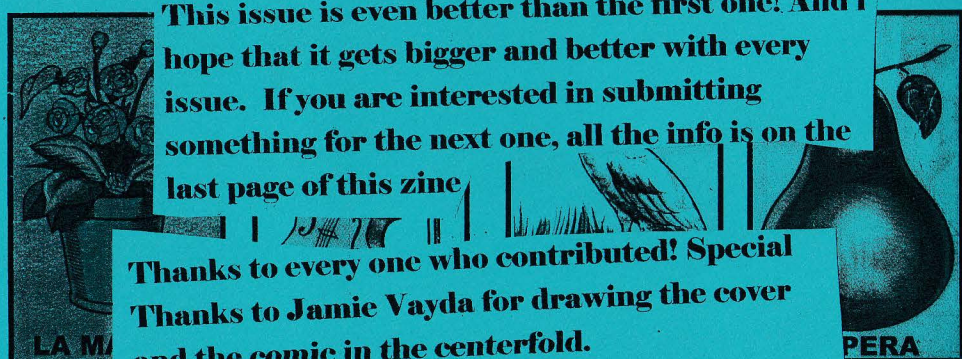
SKURT COBAIN

(a zine about the 1990s)

Issue #2 October 2020 \$2.00



Hello! And welcome to the second issue of "Skurt Cobain"!



This issue is even better than the first one! And I hope that it gets bigger and better with every issue. If you are interested in submitting something for the next one, all the info is on the last page of this zine.

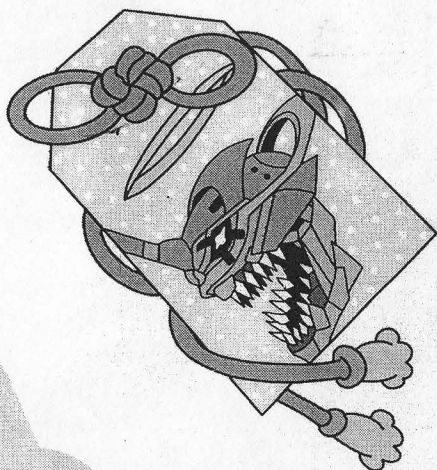
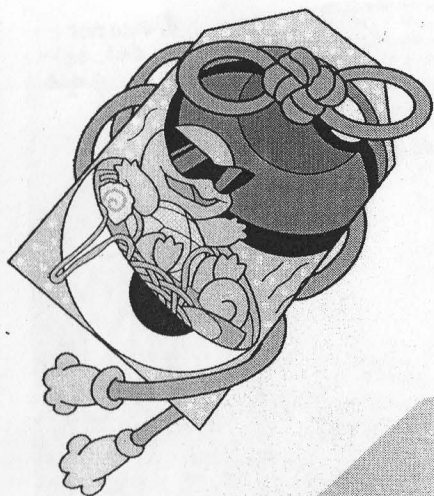
Thanks to every one who contributed! Special Thanks to Jamie Vayda for drawing the cover and the comic in the centerfold.

HECHO EN MEXICO

7 And thank YOU for reading this zine! I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed putting it together!

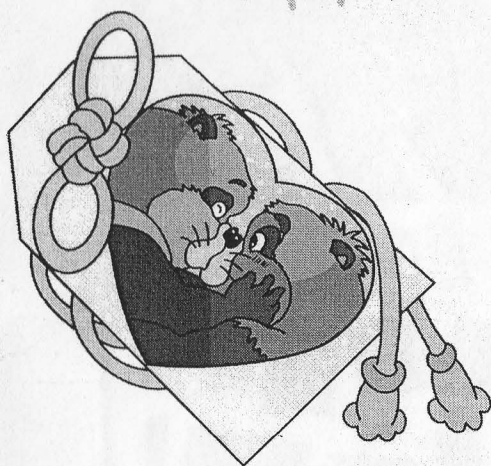


xoxo Jolie Ruin



90's anime

by @lunchlady.doris



Jyrdan Chidgey (b.1997)

Instagram: @Lunchlady.Doris

Melbourne, Australia

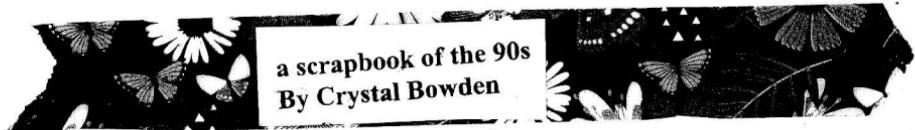
90's Anime Omamori, 2020



Eleanor Delbaere

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a scrapbook of the 90s
By Crystal Bowden

if I made you a scrapbook of my moments from the 90s
they'd be outlined in Crayola markers, and

might include me pumping it to Too Legit To Quit
through my Walkman, of course, or

playing four square at recess,
probably in cowgirl boots and skort fashion, or

the excitement of moving out of trailers
into our first "real" house (with stairs at that!), or

summer breaks, eating entire cans of microwaved peas and corn
cause we weren't allowed to use the stove, or

snowcones dripping down my fingers in the Georgia heat
finding the soggy gumball hidden beneath its slushy mound, or

the blizzard of '93 - still the best snow I can remember,
Georgia snows usually resemble my melty snowcone, or

trying to train my little sister to fight,
but spraining my pinky toe instead, or

bing reading Girl Talk books
(honorable mentions to Sweet Valley High & The Babysitter's Club), or

growing "almost breasts" and entering high school -
discovering boys, discovering girls, discovering glitter

in 1999, I wrote almost daily, it was probably all trash,
I burned those books long ago

when I wasn't succumbing to teenagery angst,
you could find me eating raw cookie dough, or

watching Buffy the Vampire Slayer
(didn't we all want to be Sarah Michelle Gellar?), or

dancing around my room (though Too Legit was long gone),
it was probably to something punky like You're So Rad, or

laughing with my friends, a lot, and misadventures
probably in the name of finding myself,

but it would be a long time
before I learned how to dream

Instagram: @crystal_bowden

*Crystal Bowden is a poet, educator, and writing coach living
outside Atlanta. When she's not helping children find their inner
storyteller, she prefers to hide away in the woods creating.*

7.7.2020

Dear 1998,

Hello old friend, it's been so long I'm
sure we wouldn't even recognize each
other! Don't worry though, I still
remember all those late nights listening
to my white boombox I got for Christmas
while the sticky sour taste of blow pops
lingers on my tongue. So many good times
have come and gone between now and then
but it's you who I long for most.

Thinking of you always,

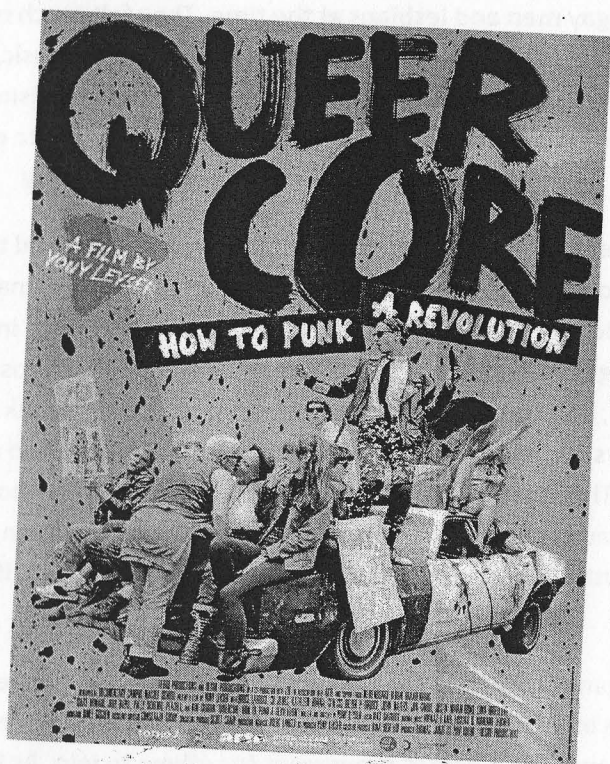
Amy

Amy Dixon

Instagram: @themrsdixons

Queercore: How to Punk a Revolution, a music documentary celebrating true outsiders

By Christy Cedeño



What do you do when you're not punk enough for the punks, and not gay enough for the gays? You start your own club.

That's the story behind the 2017 documentary *Queercore: How to Punk a Revolution*, directed by Yony Leyser. Beginning in the mid- to late-80s and continuing through to the 1990s, Queercore tells the story of how a few people, feeling outcast within their communities, decided to take matters into their own hands. It started almost simultaneously in both Toronto, Canada, and parts of California, where artists like G.B. Jones and Bruce La Bruce began creating short films, art, music, and zines that reflected their realities in society.

As part of the queer community, they felt they didn't relate to the extravagance of the "bourgeoisie" they experienced at gay clubs, and they were disturbed by the segregation they were witnessing between gay men and lesbians at the time. They felt much more comfortable going to a punk show to hear some good music. But in the punk world, the vibe dripped with exaggerated machismo and neo-nazi themes, which didn't always feel so welcoming to queer people.

So, in true DIY Punk fashion, they began creating the world that they wanted to see, in the form of films, visual art, and an original handmade zine (a photocopied mini-magazine full of text, images, and collages) called J.D.'s. In the zine, they compiled photos, drawings, and text that featured stereotypical-looking punk characters combined with graphic homoerotic imagery and queer themes. They featured articles on punk bands who sang about gay sex and radical politics of rejecting mainstream assimilation, like the all-girl post-punk band that G.B. Jones was in at the time, Fifth Column.

They began distributing their art and zines at shows and events, all the while implying that they had already established a huge international "Homocore" movement for others to join. As Bruce La Bruce says in the film: "Our strategy was to pretend that Toronto had a full-fledged crazy gay punk scene already happening."

And it worked. The movement did grow, as queer punk zines started popping up in California and the Pacific Northwest, and the 90s brought bands like Pansy Division (who toured with Green Day) and Tribe 8, who started playing rock music from an openly queer perspective. Tribe 8 was an all-female band that pushed the envelope even further by only allowing self-proclaimed "dykes" in their group (rejecting the more widely accepted "lesbian" label),

with a lead singer, Lynn Breedlove, who sang her snarky, angsty songs with no shirt on, and even wore a strap-on dildo on stage that straight guys would come up and give blow jobs during the show (which is gratuitously shown in the film).



Lynn Breedlove, lead singer of Tribe 8. (Photo: still from Queercore documentary.)

Breedlove speaks in the documentary of how they were just ready to take feminist theory and lesbian activism to a new level.

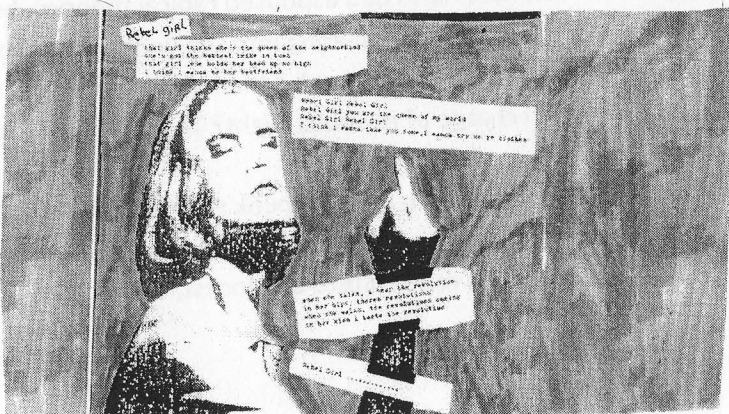
"Lesbians were pissed at us. They were like 'You're stomping around on all this work we've done.'" But she says they just took the ideologies to the next level by building on what had already been established. Feminists before her had claimed that women were in charge of their bodies, and she wanted to prove it by singing bare-chested and playing with rubber dildos on stage. She says it was a clapback at feminists who had espoused radical theories, but were still too complacent by assimilating into the dominant culture. She justifies her actions in typical punk defiance by retorting in the film: "You said I'm in charge of my body, right? That's what you said, Mom."

The early- to mid-1990s saw the punk rock feminism movement go even further, to include themes of female empowerment and address issues like rape culture and incest, while creating safe

spaces for girls in the music scene. Bands such as Bikini Kill and Bratmobile launched a "RiotGrrrl" revolution with the same DIY mentality that Queercore had used in its beginnings. Kathleen Hanna, lead singer of Bikini Kill, which was formed in Olympia, Washington, talks in this documentary about an interview she did with L.A. Weekly when RiotGrrrl was starting. She explained how the movement sparked from small groups of musicians, writers, and artists in Washington state and Washington D.C. to become a nationwide wave of girl power:

"We had just had like two meetings in D.C. And [in the interview] I said, 'Oh, yeah, RiotGrrrl is like all over the country. There's meetings happening everywhere...Minneapolis, Chicago, L.A...' I just made up a bunch of places. Girls started looking for meetings. I said 'It's totally a phenomenon.' And then it became a phenomenon, because I said it was."

Hanna says she was greatly influenced by G.B. Jones and J.D.'s to create her own culture and distribute her own zines, to spread the word on how women could support each other in their communities. Hanna collaborated with other female artists at the time to publish zines that promoted female bands, provided resources for substance abuse and sexual abuse, and gave a space for women in the punk world to highlight their art, music, poetry, and stories. Girls at punk shows who were reading the zines and screaming along to the "Girl Style Revolution Now" lyrics started feeling empowered to do the same in their own cities and towns, and the mentality spread.



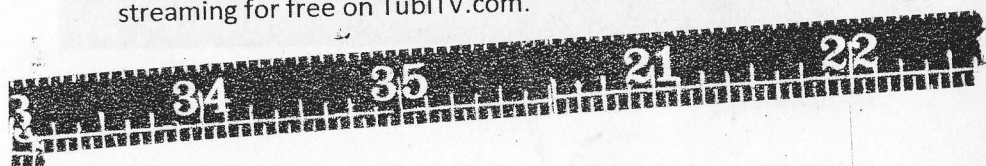


Kathleen Hanna, lead singer of Bikini Kill (Photo: still from Queercore documentary.)

By the mid-1990s, there was an eruption of bands who were producing original Queercore and RiotGrrrl music, like Team Dresch, The Frumpies, 7 Year Bitch, Extra Fancy and others. But as quickly as the fire started, it already began to burn out by the end of the decade. Many physical zines started fading away, as the Internet started to emerge into daily life, and online live journals and blogs became the new outlets of expression. Punk became more pop, and as some of those interviewed in this documentary lamented, "Girl Power" became largely commoditized with groups like the Spice Girls.

The movement lost its momentum toward the end of the 90s, but many bands that followed afterward did take on the mantle of Queercore artistic expression, like Peaches and Gossip, who started using more electronic and pop sounds to carry the message. And though the original days of Homocore and RiotGrrrl may be over, many of the bands are still making records, and are even reuniting to tour again, as Bikini Kill and Sleater-Kinney recently started to do before the pandemic halted live shows.

Queercore: How to Punk a Revolution is available to watch streaming for free on TubiTV.com.



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How the 90s Continue to Inspire 30 Years Later

Rae Arleen

The 90s brought about many things, whether that was grunge, various sitcoms, new tastes in fashion, etc. Although I was not around in the 90s, I have recently learned to appreciate various things from that decade, including *Beavis and Butt-Head* and *Nirvana*. However, besides these things, I have also drawn inspiration from the 90s, like my music taste and the clothes I wear.

To begin, plenty of music from the 90s has inspired the music I make myself. I believe it really happened when I got into *Nirvana* the summer of 2018. Although *Nirvana* can be described as the epitome of 90s grunge, I have also branched out to other bands, such as *Bikini Kill*, *Jack off Jill*, *Nine Inch Nails*, *Marilyn Manson*, *Babes in Toyland*, and hell, even *Hole*. Although these bands are mostly described as alternative rock and riot grrrl, I have found inspiration, entertainment, and even empowerment in song by them. Without these artists, I would not be the same person and without them, my music would sound much different.

Besides music, I have also drawn inspiration from 90s clothes recently, the kinderwhore style in particular. It is a “fuck you” to people’s expectations of what is supposed to be feminine. Although people expect girls to be pretty and sweet, the kinderwhore style takes these expectations to a cartoonish level in a way to fight back against them. In bands such as *Babes in Toyland*, these musicians noisily played guitars and were not afraid to scream out. I find this very admirable. When I wear a Peter Pan collar dress and black tights and black boots, I feel empowered. By wearing these outfits and writing songs against sexism, I find confidence and feel as though I am who I’m supposed to be.

Whether it is the music, style, or even the tv shows, the 90s have provided me both with entertainment but more importantly inspiration. Whether it is in my art or the clothes I wear, I would like to thank the decade of the 90s. Without it, many things would not be here.

Instagram: raearleen

NIGHT GOAT

WRITTEN
AND
DRAWN BY
JAMIE VAYDA

LAKELAND, FLORIDA 1993

MOLLY DAVIES WAS A
EXTRAORDINARY
BEAUTY.



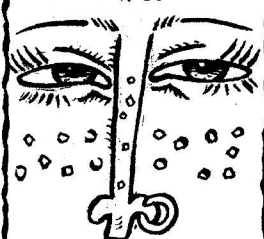
SHE WAS A PETITE GIRL,
SLENDER, A LITTLE OVER
FIVE FEET TALL...

SHE HAD AMPLE BREAST
LARGE BUT NOT SO LARGE
THEY SEEMED OUT OF
PLACE ON HER SMALL FRAME,
THEY WERE AT HOME THERE.



SHE HAD A PERFECT
LITTLE ROUND ASS.

IT WAS HER FACE THAT
DID IT FOR ME. I HAD
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
SO BEAUTIFUL.



PIERCING DARK BROWN
EYES THAT LOOKED
BLACK AS MIDNIGHT.

HER FACE WAS ALMOND
SHAPED AND SHARP IN IT'S
FEATURES, SKIN LIKE CREAM
DOTTED WITH FRECKLES.



A NOSE LIKE AN ARROW
AND PINK FULL LIPS.

MOLLY WASN'T SOME
HOT CHICK POSER
SLUMMING IT WITH
THE LOCAL SCUMBAGS,
SHE WAS THE REAL
DEAL.



GOT THE NEW
PIXIES VINYL
IT'S SOOO
(GEEW-DA)

HI,
MOLLY.

THAT BAND
IS FUCK'N
LAME. STAY
AWAY FROM
ME, GO LISTEN
TO DAYGLO
ABORTIONS AND
GROW A DICK
YOU FUCK'N
GIRL!

MOLLY DAVIES WAS SEXUALLY UNINHIBITED. UNAPOLOGETICALLY SEXUALLY UNINHIBITED. SHE HAD BEEN WITH SOME OF MY FRIENDS BOTH MEN AND WOMEN... I WON'T LIE IT INTIMIDATED ME, I DIDN'T JUST WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH HER I WANTED TO BE HER BOYFRIEND, HER ONE AND ONLY.



THEN ONE NIGHT AT A PARTY...

I KNOW YOU'RE SUPER DRUNK AND IT'S NOT THE BEST TIME TO TELL YOU, BUT MOLLY IS TOTALLY INTO YOU.



THE NEXT DAY VERY HUNG OVER I WENT TO THE BOOK STORE IN THE MALL WHERE MOLLY WORKED.

SOOO... WANT TO HANG OUT AFTER YA GET OFF WORK?

SURE I GET OFF AT NINE.



ON MY WAY OUT THE MALL I STOPPED BY THE RECORD STORE AND BOUGHT THE NEW MELVINS ALBUM, HOUDINI, ON CASSETTE SO I COULD PLAY IT IN MY CAR.

THAT NIGHT WE ROAD THE BACK ROADS OF LAKELAND DRINKING BEER, SMOKING WEED, AND LISTENING TO THAT NEW MELVINS CASSETTE OVER AND OVER AGAIN...



BLIND - CAUSE I THINK I'M GOIN' BLIND - AND I KNOW HOW IT SHOULD BE - YOU'RE MUCH YOUNGER, CAN'T YOU SEE?

WE MUST HAVE LISTENED THROUGH THAT MELVINS CASSETTE AT LEAST THREE TIMES, AND THEN IT HAPPENED.



I REALLY LIKE YOU, JAMIE... LET'S GO TO MY PLACE AND HAVE SOME FUN.



SHE REALLY LIKED THE SECOND SONG, "NIGHT GOAT" AND SHE'D REWIND IT TO HEAR IT AGAIN, I WAS ZOOMIN' THROUGH DOWNTOWN LAKELAND, I COULDN'T WAIT TO HAVE HER



SPEEE



AT THIS POINT THERE WERE NO RULES OF THE ROAD... IT WAS JUST HER TWO YEARS OF INTENSE YEARNING AND NOW, FINALLY...

EVERY INSECURITY I HAVE RUSHED INTO MY BRAIN ALL AT ONCE...

WHAT IF SHE THINKS I'M SMALL?

RED

WHAT IF I CUM TOO FAST?

WHAT IF...

WHAT IF I CAN'T GET HARD?

ON TOP OF ALL THAT SHE KEPT REWINDING MY GODDAMN MOTHER-FUCKIN' NEW TAPE WITH OUT STOPPING IT FIRST!



I NEVER SAW THAT RED LIGHT. LUCKILY THAT TRUCK HAD GOOD BREAKS.



INSTINCTIVELY I USED MOLLY AS A BARRICADE PUSHING HER TOWARDS THE POSSIBLE IMPACT, I WAS MORTIFIED... SHE INSTANTLY HATED ME... FOREVER.

GET OFF ME PUSSY!!



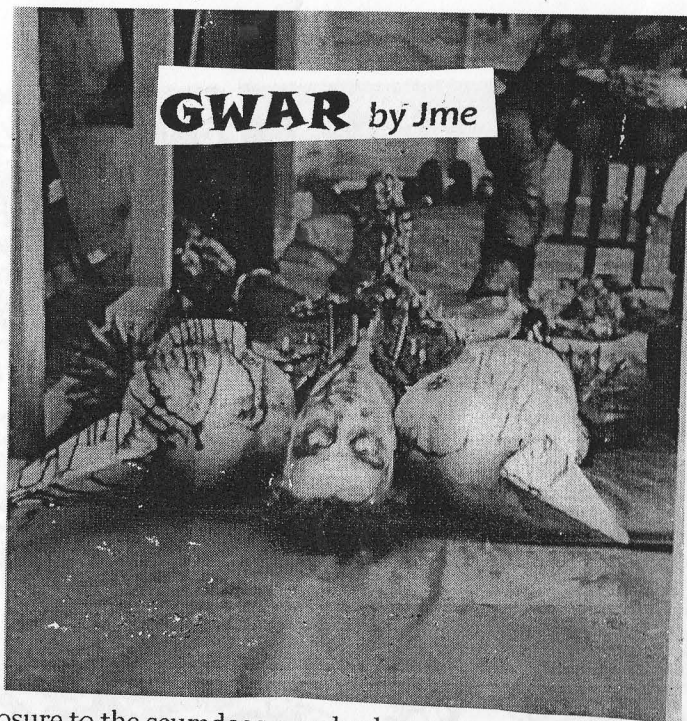
"GET OFF ME PUSSY" WOULD BE THE LAST WORDS MOLLY DAVIES WOULD EVER SAY TO ME...



WE SEEMED FROZE LIKE THAT FOR AN ETERNITY.

END

2. 10/14/10/20



my exposure to the scumdogs goes back to 1995...

growing up in rural indiana, in the country, no cable tv, no record shops, no kids that were into anything outside of the homogenized mainstream culture. so i grew up with radio, antenna tv, and whatever kinda tunes you might hear staying the night with a friend or something. ozzy, twisted sister,metallica, etc. so when a friend of my brothers brought over the cassette single of smells like teen spirit, and left it behind, gettiing turned onto them broadened my musical interest, gave me something to relate to and lead me down a path i am certain shaped me into who i am today.

fastforward to 15 years old, my parents used to be members of BMG music service. CDs by mail order. the deal they would get was they would buy however many CDs and get like 2 for a penny each. they would let me pick the 2 free ones! so i had already heard of GWAR due to walking with some a kid from school who had one of his older brothers GWAR CDs with him. while we were walking and he was showing it to me this older asshole kid rushed from behind us and snatched the cd out of his hand, and said "whats this, GWAR? GWAR sucks!" then dropped the CD in the end of

someones gravel driveway and stomped the shit out of it before he could retrieve. i was going to go to his house and listen to it but instead i just got to hear him freak out about how his brother was going to kick the shit out of him for his CD getting destroyed! back to the free CDs. so, seeing GWAR: RAGNAROK available from BMG i was more than intrigued. when i first got the CD and played it, i thought it was the craziest stuff i had ever heard. then, i had never ever heard or seen even a photo or heard anything about them other than kids who were able to watch beavis and butthead regularly, occasionally mentioning them. i had no clue what to expect, and for several years i would continue my journey into the insane universe of GWAR alone. no one who i would try and turn on to GWAR would even give it a chance. they just completely didnt get it. i began to make new friends, eventual friends who turned me on to punk-rock. screeching weasel, black flag, the queers, the misfits and operation ivy quickly became part of my music library: but even my punk rock friends rejected GWAR. so i had to decide if i am a nerdy outcast for being so interested in something that no one else around me could fathom trying to even understand what they were seeing? it wasnt until about 1998 that i would be in dayton ohio with my buddy who had moved there to get out of this town. and in a record shop i found a VHS copy of GWAR: tour de scum. a collection of live concert footage from the "america must be destroyed era", when i got home and watched i was amazed by what i was seeing. it was crude, vile, beligerant and offensive, but also it was heavy and funny and self aware. it pointed a mirror at society and the government, and poked fun at homophobia and jock culture. it was fucking awesome! i had to get through to others. people i relate to couldnt be this ignorant to misunderstand after getting the full picture. i would find out how sensitive people are to having their values questioned in such a manner as most would be disgusted with the vivid display of shocking art, or even scared that they were surely going to be judged by the almighty for having even bare witness to the spectacle. it taught me quite a bit about sheep and wolves. soon i would have a friend who totally saw the appeal. several years, albums and VHS releases later, we go to our first GWAR show at Bogarts in cincinnati ohio, in 2000. before and after the show, we would recognize dave brockie and mikederks AKA Balsac the jaws of death, guitar player of GWAR just walking around casually in the crowd chatting with fans and just hanging out drinking beers! we recognized them from the GWAR film, ITS SLEAZY, where they both play characters out of costume. we approached them seperately

and they spoke with us super politely, about what, who knows? it was 20 fucking years ago! weeks after 9/11/2001 somehow i found out about a side project of GWAR coming to muncie indiana, i told my old buddy and there was no way we were gona miss this, we didnt, and it was awesome. unbeknownst at the time, it was our first punk rock show. dave, mike, and brad roberts AKA Jizmak Da Gusha, drummer of GWAR. hauled and set up there own equipment, touring in an old van pulling a uhaul trailer and couch surfing. just as i thought. these dudes are old punk rockers. hanging out telling stories with everybody all the way from beginning to end, brockie and these dudes just brought positive inviting energy. welcoming and more hilarious than i imagined. dave even approached us to ask what we thought of the show. we were of course frozen and couldnt come up with much to say. but no matter because after many shows and short chats and emails with dave about random things i would want to know about or something he was working on, or something i wanted to show off to him, he would always reply and was always courteous. so eventually, after many interactions and dave having a a vague awareness of fan existence as a long time fan, i felt comfortable asking him if he could do a text interview through email for a zine i was working on. he said "sure send em... DB" 6 days later he sent back the interview completed! what a guy, man. to a cool rockstar guy im nobody, to a rockstar im a dollar sign. but dave was no rockstar, dave was an artist, a civil rights activist, a renaissance man, an old school punk rocker who refused to take himself too seriously even amongst rockstars who did. the fact that i found GWAR and punk rock in the mid to late 90s in the place i am from is a damn miracle. it made me see things the way i do today. it made me respond to lifes challenges the way i have chosen to. it made me accepting and open minded and turned me onto a world of killer music. i put this interview in Migraine Magazine, which never saw the light of day. so now, 11 years later, here it is. i only wish i had taken more time composing challenging questions, but the fact that dave would entertain the mute silliness of my interview questions only adds to how cool he really was. RIP. DAVE MURRAY BROCKIE. thanks for everything...

this is an interview done in 2009 through email with Dave Brockie AKA Oderus Urungus of GWAR!!!

me- hows life treating you, aside from GWAR and things like that?

DB- I DON'T KNOW. THERE IS NO "ASIDE FROM GWAR".

jme- how many paintings and other art do you crank out for the adoring public, yearly? rough guess....

DB- I CAN CRANK OUT A PAINTING A WEEK IF I'M LUCKY

jme- if someone had a request for some original brockie art what should they do?

DB- FIND ME ON FACEBOOK OR EMAIL ME AT MAGGOTMASTER13@GMAIL.COM

jme- any recent "STUPID" occurrences that haven't made the STUPID page?

DB- FELL ASLEEP WITH A CHOCOLATE EGG ON MY CHEST, WOKE UP TO FIND IT HAD MELTED ALL OVER ME

jme- did you use to, or still to use dread locks from fans for Oderus' beard?

DB- YES I DID AND IT WAS SUCH A DISGUSTING EXPERIENCE THAT I LOOK FORWARD TO DOING IT AGAIN SOON.

jme- so..... how is april margera in the sack?

DB- WHAT TYPE--BED OR BURLAP?

jme- will DBX do another album/tour?

DB- WHEN ENOUGH PEOPLE BEG, YES!

jme- even though they haven't toured with you for quite some time, did don drackulich or casey orr have any hand in production over those years? how fun is it to have em back?

DB- DON HAS BEEN A CONSTANT FORCE IN GWAR'S ART EVEN WHEN HE WASN'T TOURING. AND WE NEVER LOST TRACK OF CASEY. IT WAS LIKE HE WAS ON VACATION OR SOMETHING. IT'S GREAT TO HAVE BOTH OF THEM BACK, THOUGH I AM UNSURE OF HOW MUCH TOURING DON WANTS TO DO

jme- so..... how is don vito in the sack?

DB- THAT FAT PERVERT WON'T EVEN FIT IN A SACK

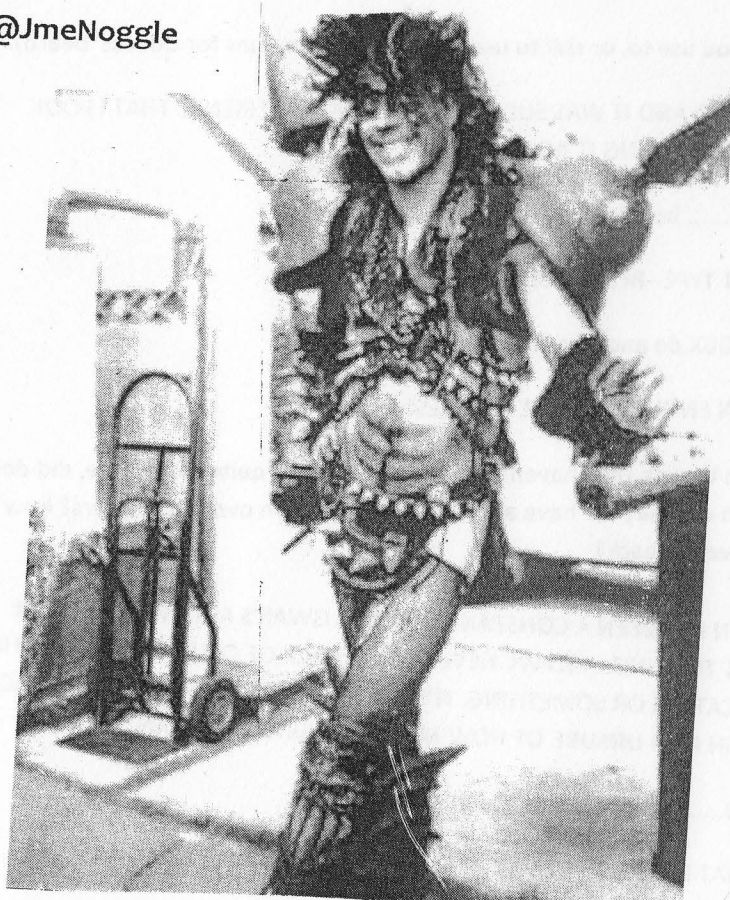
jme- i saw you went back to metal blade, thats exciting right? lots of promotion and such? any comradery there, or just business?

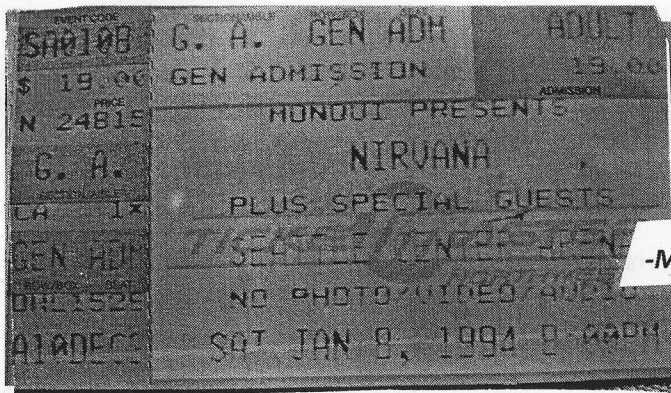
DB- OH YEAH, WE ARE OLD BUDDIES WITH BRIAN AND MIKE AND TRACY AND EVERYBODY ELSE...THEY REALLY ARE THE BEST LABEL IN METAL (AND THEREFOR, THE WORLD...) AND A NICER BUNCH OF FOLKS YOU WILL NEVER FIND.

jme- any words of wisdom for the kiddies?

DB- WORK HARD AND YOU WILL DO WELL! FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD! FEAR IS THE MIND-KILLER! WALK TOWRADS THE LIGHT UNTIL IT CONSUMES YOU!

@JmeNoggle





-Mark Ostler

17 years old, I'm not sure how I convinced my parents to let me go to the Nirvana show without a ticket.

Months before, my girlfriend and 3 of her friends, slept outside of Wherehouse Music to buy Nirvana tickets. This was the 90's, there was no online ticket sales. If you wanted to see a major band, you had to be dedicated. Sleeping overnight in front of the record store was not unusual. People partied late into the evening, in their allotted squares. Mostly, it was a safe environment, cops would sometimes cruise around.

Weeks before, I looked in the newspaper, but all the Nirvana tickets were way overpriced. When the day of the show arrived, my plan was to ride with my friends to Mercer Arena and score a ticket from a scalper outside the show. There's always people selling tickets out front and the mythos was prices drop after the show begins. If I didn't get a ticket, no problem, I'd just hang out alone in the car until the show was over.

On a cold January night, I remember feeling uncertain, but also confident that I'd find someone to sell me a ticket. About 4 blocks from the venue, a car rolled up to the stop light where my friends and I waited to cross the street. A dude in a black trench coat hollered out the back passenger window, "Does anyone need a ticket?"

"YES!" I said and right there on the sidewalk we agreed to a price that was only \$6 over face value. I hesitantly extended my money through the car window. Likewise suspicious, he stretched out the ticket with his other hand. I feared this dude was gonna rip the money out of my hand and drive away, so I held onto my cash tight.

Picture this, I've got both my arms extended into a stranger's car. Like a scene from Reservoir Dogs, he nodded, then released the ticket and I simultaneously let go of my cash. Our crazy plan worked! I had a ticket and was gonna see Nirvana!!

The venue was a hockey arena with the stage at the far end and a big general admission dance floor. I loved moshing so I was gonna fight my way up to the front. According to the internet, the opening band was Chokebore, but I remember it being FIREHOSE, a band with an annoyingly high soprano singer. The second opening band was Butthole Surfers.

Butthole Surfers are one of the greatest bands to see live. Their music is frenzied and their lighting effects are incredible. At the sound booth in the center of the dance floor, they had high powered projectors that cast the strangest footage. On actual film!! Remember those old clunky film projectors in elementary school, with the giant spools, where the teacher would delicately thread film through the projector and into the empty spool. Those film projectors!! And there were four of them, simultaneously

broadcasting images of mailmen being attacked by dogs, martial arts fights, insects having sex, grotesque instructional surgery films and tons more macabre images. It ruled!

With the two opening bands done, it was time for Nirvana. But first, Bobcat Goldthwait was the MC and he did a stand up comedy routine. He kinda sucked. His set was some old jokes I'd already heard on tv. Jokes told the second time aren't nearly as funny. Finally, Nirvana took the stage.

This show would be Nirvana's final Seattle concert. In support of their In Utero album, the set was decorated with mannequins that look like the album cover. The actual show is kind of a blur. I remember singing along with nearly every song and moshing with energy only an adolescent can conjure. Krist stopped the show once because the mosh pit was becoming too violent. I don't remember his words exactly, it was something like, "All you tropical fish swarming around the urchin, be careful there's girls down there! You're bigger than them, be kind!"

Kurt never addressed the crowd. Stood at stage left and played his way through the set. Watching him perform, I remember thinking, Kurt seemed distant and mechanical. The show was amazing, don't get me wrong, but the all performers seemed tired and unenthusiastic. Looking back at their touring schedule, it's no wonder, Nirvana was a touring work horse.

But that voice! Hearing Kurt sing live was incredible. His voice fluxations, the grumbles and garbles and growls are all more apparent heard live.

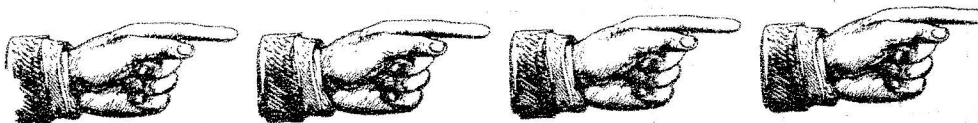
At the end of the set, Kurt destroyed his guitar... obliterated it. He threw it into the air, smashed it on the stage like he was chopping wood, and kicked

at it. All the while, the instrument was plugged in and making awful squelching feedback sounds. The noise volume became as loud as a jet engine when Kurt tossed his former instrument at the base of the amplifiers.

If I close my eyes, in my mind's eye, I can see Kurt standing motionless in front of the giant tower of speakers. His head slumped, staring down at the pile of rubbish that was his guitar. He seemed defeated. Meanwhile, the sound that echoed and screeched was almost unbearable. I was about 10 yards from the stage and had to plug my ears to protect myself from that overwhelming noise. Amidst that awful piercing sound, I remember thinking, "How could Kurt stand so close to those speakers?"

That squealing wall of sound lasted for a long time. Just a constant blaring of noise emanating from Kurt's crippled guitar and a sad figure standing motionless above it. Eventually, Kurt kind of shuffled off stage, a stage tech cut the power to the amps and the house lights came on. That was it. Nirvana's final concert in Seattle.

Mark Ostler is the lead singer of a Seattle based punk band "WARNING: DANGER!" He's written a bunch of zines and released 6 albums. Find out more at his Etsy page: <https://www.etsy.com/shop/BANGZAP>



LIVE YOUNG DIE FAST

by David Boone

1993 was the year it all started accelerating for me. For a dozen years after that it only sped up and up, as I felt something like my main engines jam forward to full-throttle, presumably to give me enough velocity to make it to death, midlife, the moon, or whatever the fuck this current state of things is all about... In high school I had already chosen my path and pulled the trigger and pressed go, and I literally had no choice but to ride the unleashed chaos that I had opted for, hell or high water. I've spent the past decade and a half in various stages of processing, recovery, mental/emotional turmoil, and accepting consequences both sweet and bitter, and now having just turned 46 I figure it is time for me to embrace or accept the next stage - undoubtedly another patterned iteration or logical extension of the previous ones, as seems to be the MO in this universe. Here is how my year went, boiled down to the most salient landmarks.

January I was 19 and living in Minneapolis, having moved up there for audio engineering school after graduating from high school. It was my first time in an actual big metropolis (not

counting Indy and Ft. Wayne), and certainly was my first exposure to progressive culture and music aside from what weird hybrids managed to trickle down to us rural Indiana farm kids. I was soaking it up like a thirsty sponge that had been left out in the sun far too long. At school I'd met this kid Paul who looked like Kurt Cobain and was into the Melvins and Mudhoney, and he and his friend were looking for a drummer to maybe start something. Within a semester we had both dropped out of school and started playing together. We never even had a name or a live show, and only had four songs that sound like Bleach-era B-side ripoffs played through really shitty equipment. I was supporting myself on janitor work making \$6.25 an hour and splitting a Loring Park apartment 3 ways with 2 other Music Tech students, and had no responsibilities to speak of beyond rent and keeping my graffiti-painted 1979 Dodge Omni running. It was the very beginning of my young-adult dream, which would years later sink me to nightmare territory on many occasions. Not that I regret any of it, but hindsight certainly is 2020, pun intended.

Much music was made and consumed, going to shows and jamming with friends and acquaintances and strangers, but it wasn't all about that for me - the music was just the glue that held it all, and me, together. I got turned on to most of the bands you'd likely expect, and many others as well. Also in my spare time I started making zines, little absurdist/dada collage things that thankfully few if any copies survive. The writing and my journaling which backed it up really became the main key for me, as I realized my prowess with language as well as my tendency to let abstract language-based concepts trap me in corners of my own mind. I would write/think myself in and out of dark places, and combined with the long-stretch manic phase of what would later be diagnosed as Bipolar Disorder, this turned out to be a form of self-reinforcement that was a vicious double-edged sword. But I digress.

In Ft. Wayne there was this club called Monkey Lust, formed originally as an art/BMX thing by an artist named Jeff Cochran and a folk-punk guitarist named Jethro Easyfields, and later expanded into a venue operated by someone else. I'd been to a show there before going up to Minneapolis, and in early '93 I sent them some zines to which they sent back some zines and one of their ubiquitous "Fuck The Government" t-shirts. Feeling a pull back south to my home state, I arranged to move in upstairs from them at the Monkey Lust house on Broadway in Ft. Waste. I packed my shit in the smallest U-Haul I could rent, drove 10 hours, and showed up on a Saturday evening to the most chill stoner roommate one could ever ask for (DT you rock, wherever you ended up!). He said there was a show playing down at the club, so I parked the truck on a side street and headed down to catch it.

This next part I have already waxed poetic about far too often to many people and TBH it's now a precious and fragile memory that I don't really want to bring out in full. Short version, met the goddess in human form at that show, she was handing out her broadsheet zine 'Stonefish', wearing a colorful t-shirt and cut-off corduroys with her thick long brunette hair smelling like heaven, the most confident, self-possessed and genuinely happy person I'd ever met. None of the ragey angst, all the positivity and idealism, and charisma to spare. She was a feminist and incredibly smart, and she would broaden my mental, social, and political horizons in ways that I am still amazed at. We struck up an amazing first conversation between bands, and before I knew it that conversation had burned through the entire show and then spring and summer as we made zines together and did all kinds of other legitimately good, innocent fun things: things like hiding up in the trees outside the symphony making monkey noises at the well-dressed concertgoers, making rocks-in-socks with "101 Things To Do With An Aborted Fetus" leaflets inside to toss on suburban porches all around town, and catching every band that came through town (and a few out of town, as we drove to Cleveland to see both Nirvana and Fugazi). Then as soon as the autumn began, she had to go away to boarding school as she was still in high school. I awkwardly rolled with the breakup as best as I knew how, and life went on.

September saw me becoming obsessed with another girl, who was very into road-tripping together but never had any interest in me beyond that and just being platonic besties. And road-trip we did; we visited my friends up in Minneapolis, went to Chicago to bum around a

bit, and then in October we accompanied one of her friends from Bluffton down to Bristol, TN to live with her friend's fiancé. We pretty much couch-surfed in their basement, my bff working at a pizza place and me working at a car wash. Bristol had a surprisingly good scene and there were at least 2 venues that I knew of as well as a record store that carried quite a bit of underground and alternative stuff. One of the venues was a skatepark in a big warehouse where bands would set up and play on the big halfpipe, and I saw several great local and out of town bands there. Skinheads showed up one time, Confederate Hammerskins all decked out in their bombers and white-laced Docs, and tried taking over the pit and intimidating everyone when one of the bands had a black lead singer; we punks all stood up to them and ran them out.

I had mail-ordered a copy of "Book Your Own Fucking Life #2" from Profane Existence in Minneapolis which I had with me in Bristol, and one of my goals while down there was to get up to DC and visit Dischord Records. I hitched up there since my friend needed the car for work, and since I didn't know any better I just went right to the Beecher St. address that is listed on all the Dischord releases, not knowing that Ian's parents lived there. His mom answered the door and was very sweet to me, and told me that "Ian and the band" (Fugazi) were touring in Europe at the time. From there I walked over to the Positive Force DC house, where I met Mark Andersen who pretty much ran the place, and several other kids who were living or hanging out there. I ended up staying for 3 or 4 days there, in their basement. I helped Mark set up for a protest against Gulf War 1 outside the White House, and I met a girl who I had chemistry with right away and we ended up making out in the basement for several hours and later did acid together while walking around DC and Arlington. This didn't go over well back at the house as it was a straight-edge place, and I was asked politely to leave, which I did.

After hitch-hiking out of DC and getting a full ride from a girl my age who was going to one of the women's colleges up north (Bard College I think?) and her pet lizard whose name escapes me now, I kicked around Bristol for a bit trying to find work, but no luck. I went to a

show one night at a different venue than usual, and while standing there watching the band this really tall girl walked up and stood next to me; after exchanging furtive glances a few times, she reached over and held my hand, and soon we were making out on the couch along the wall, and the next day I was at her house making out with her in her basement. She was one of the best kissers I've ever been fortunate enough to meet. I still don't know how I managed to find her house as it was in a neighboring city and all I had was her address. She and I are still good old friends to this day, though we never dated.

New Years' 1994 was soon after that - I got pulled over by a cop on the way home from a show, and the next day my friend decided she'd had enough of Tennessee and wanted to go back to Indiana. A few days after that I was back in Ft. Wayne working at my old job at the parking garage there, when I decided to eat a bunch of nutmeg to try and trip from it and ended up "finding god" in acute manic psychosis, which landed me in the psych ward and pretty much set the tone of craziness for the next 10 years (in addition to a stint at a monastery in California, marriage, kids and all sorts of other failures which would follow). But my rocket got lit that year, and apparently I burn hot and intense because I'm only recently - in the past 3 years or so - beginning to find my equilibrium. It was a very amazing and inspiring and magical time though, and I wouldn't trade a single moment of it. :)

David Boone lives in Eureka, CA where he grows things and crochets things and makes zines and in general just tries to stay sane and be a better person. You can get ahold of him on IG: @worlddofsimulacra or by email at worlddofsimulacra@gmail.com, and he will send you stuff in the mail.

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CONTRIBUTE TO THE NEXT ISSUE!

skurt cobain is a zine about the 1990s.

(it's not just about Kurt Cobain!) I am looking for writings about life in the 90s, memories, essays, comics, art, poetry, 90s pop culture, music, tv, movies, anything 90s-related!

there's no word count limit, the zine is black and white and it's digest size (half size) If you have any questions just email me: MrsNoggle@Yahoo.com

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